Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſence thou wilt.

Grego. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele, while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt beene poore Iohn: draw thy toole here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

Greg. How, turne thy back and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frowne as I paſſe by & let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumd ſir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the Law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No ſir, I doe not bite my thumb at you ſir, but I bite my thumb ſir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir, no ſir.

Samp. But if you doe ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my Maiſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy ſwaſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you doe

Enter

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. VVhat art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hinds: turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword, or mannage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. VVhat drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, Billes and Partyſons, ſtrike, beate them downe, Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues.*

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

Capu. VVhat noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe,

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come, And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his Wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me goe.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteele, Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts: That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines: On paine of torture, from thoſe bloudy hands, Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground, And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince. Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word, By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*, Haue thrice diſturbde the quiet of our ſtreets, And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens, Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Cancred with peace, to party our cancred hate; If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe, Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.